Thrilling Account of the Rescue of a Boy From a Stream of Water 300 Feet High The Sight Made His Hair Turn Gray-The Fisherman Retalintes with a Fish that stayed Drunk for a Year On His Whiskey.



REVARICATION is a insists that the essence of humor is in its exaggeration, and, as Eli Perkins, has achieved the reputation, at \$50 a night, of

since "Barney" Munchausen. But there are several amateurs in this city who have achieved considerable repute as fabricators, and there seems to be something in the atmosphere in the neighborhood of that recent graduate from the Lone Star State, the Hon. (which may mean honest or honorable) Col. "Tom" Ochiltree, which stimulates the imaginations of his friends and those who come within its influ-

Col. Ochiltree comes from the biggest State in the Union. Five New Yorks might be laid side by side in Texas and still leave remnants enough to make a Connecticut, a Rhod Island and a Delaware. The grass grows so tall that horsemen are sometimes lost in its wilderness for days; and a man travelling through the State southward on a train must, for comfort, set out with his ulster, top-boots and scalskin cap, and alight top-boots and scalskin cup, and alight at Galveston clad only in a smile and a palm-leaf fan. Perbajas the expansiveness of his mative heath is accountable both for the largeness of Col. Ochiltree's spirits and his stories, and though his friends. "Larry" Jerome, Steele Mackaye and "Old Man" Duffy, the Philadelphian, bave made several creditable attempts to wrast the jack-knife from him, he still carries the emblem. In fact, it is said that the father of fables long. In fact, it is said that the father of fables long ago desired to abdicate in his favor. The Democratic State Executive Commit-

tee came along last week and denanded rooms at the Hodinan House. The house was full from basement to garret, and it was found necessary to remove the billiardit was found accessary to remove the billiard-tables and give over the billiard-room to the Democrats for the campaign. Thus evicted from their usual haunt, the Colonel and his friends have stood in little groups during the past few evenings, looking as for-lorn and desolate as a farmer's boy lost in a great city. But the tail stories that were wont to sailly delay their billiard games wont to sailly delay their billiard games have gone one more connectedly, and some of the whoppers would do credit to Joe Mulhattan. The conversation last night ran upon a variety of topics, and if Eli Perkins is correct in his diagnosis of humor, some of the little group deserve to be registered in the book of fame.

Speaking of the new water system which is to be in operation in 1961, Col. Ockdiree said be recastly visited a neighboring city, where

he recently visited a neighboring city, where the Fire Department gets its streams from the city pipes direct without the intervention of steam engines, and the force is very great.

noticed that there is a lift saw an experiment while I was in that town that would be a revelation to New York firemen. They creeted a platform in the main street and, ettaching a line of home to a fire plug, passed the pipe vertically up through a hole in the middle of the platform. The hole in the middle or the platform. The hose threw a six inch stream, and was firmly held by means of stout blocks milled to the heid by means of stout blocks nailed to the upper and under sur-faces of the platform. Actually that stream went straight up in the air higher than the top of old Trinity's spire, and when the

its level, and the unfortunate people who had been caught in it were floated down the street and out from under the storm. Several stores were floaded, however, because it was found necessary to use the utmost care in shutting the water off. It couldn't be

pipe, which stuck up about a foot above the platform. Nobody seemed to notice him particularly, and when the men had finished their work underneath, they had finished their work underneath, they called to the man at the plug on the next corner to turn on the water. It came surging through the hose, and, gentlemen, it makes my head swim as I recall the beautiful to the mind! But men, it makes my head swim as I recall it in all its horror to my mind! But the boy sat on the pipe! The boy sat on the pipe, and when the water came through it caught him and sent him up, up, into the air nearly three hundred feet. The people looked in horror. Women fainted dead away, and the cheeks of the strong men blanched at the terrible sight. Then the eyes that had followed the little fellow in his ascent turned away sick with horror. fine art, as has been demonstrated by Mel-ville D. Landon, who who was a death-like stillness for an instant that seemed an age as the crowd waited the cul-mination of the tragic event in the crushing of the little body on the pavement. Gentle-men, that was an awful moment! And an hour afterwards, when I chanced to stand before a mirror in a cigar store, I noticed those gray hairs."
"Well, but the boy?" anxiously asked Mr.

being the greatest liar Duffy.

But there "After that fearful moment of silent horror there was a great shout, and turning my eyes aloft again I saw that boy bobbing up eyes anort again I saw that boy bobbing up and down on the top of that powerful stream like a dancing-ball in a Bowery shooting-gallery. Onick wits and steady hands saved the boy. The fire chief directed that the water be turned off slowly and steadily, and in this way the youngster was lowered little by little till he was about on a level with the tops of the buildings. Of course, it would be sheer death to attempt to lower him to the ground this way, as the stream is him to the ground this way, as the stream to see that the stream of so steady as the force is lessened. On the stream of so steady as the force is lessened. On the so steady are necessary, and the boy kept bobbing up and down in a air for a full minute longer, while



firemen thought of another remedy. Then a track with a revolving ladder was sent for the ladder was run up alongside the stream, and Assistant Charlie Margison, of Engine No. 21, who chanced to be over there, ran up the ladder to its top, which was about even with the top of the stream, picked the boy off and brought him down the ladder in safety and placed him in the the ladder in safety and placed him in the arms of his mother, who had fought her way through the crowd and had been wringing her hands in an agony of grief. The woman dropped in a dead faint, but the boy was all right, but a bunch of cigarettes the boy had in his trousers pocket were so wet that he couldn't smoke them."

A good deal of "reaction" was required to restrict the couldn't Ochiltze to

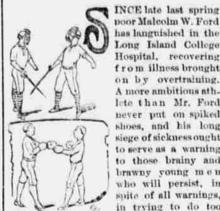
restore the equilibrium of Col. Ochiltree's hearers after this story, but presently the fisherman of the party remarked that he had fisherman of the party remarked that he had had a remarkable experience on his last fishing trip. Said he: "I was fishing on a little pend in the Berkshire last year, and by a sudden lurch of my skiff a bottle of medicine from which I was just taking a dose to keep off chills—or sunstroke, I forget which was jerked out of my hand into the water. Well, I dropped my line in about the same spot the other day. Luck hadn't been flattering, but presently I got a bite and I began to haul in what pulled so hard that I thought perhaps I had caught a snag, I pulled her up and what do you think it was?"

"Your old jug! That's too old!" growled

# SPORTS INDOORS AND OUT.

WILL MALCOLM W. FORD REPRESENT THE N. Y. A. C. IN ENGLAND?

Some Inside Information as to the Reason for Getting Him Reinstated as an Amatenr-Jim Glynn Rendy to Fight Joe Lan-Amusing Stories-His Go with Donovan.



poor Malcolm W. Ford has languished in the Long Island College Hospital, recovering from illness brought on by overtraining. A more ambitious athbrawny young men

who will persist, in spite of all warnings, in trying to do too much in the field and on the path. One bit of good news comes with the prospects of his speedy restoration to health. It s very likely-in fact, it is almost certainthat Mr. Ford will be one of the New York Athletic Club's champion team that will be

sent to England next year. It is not generally known, but it is never-theless true, that the New York Athletic Club is going to send a strong field and track team to England early next summer to see whether Uncle Sam's boys aren't as much eleverer than John Bull's younglings ashore as they are on the water. The fean will include Joe Queckberner, W. J. M. Barry, E. C. Carter, Aleck Jordan, G. Y. Gilbert, Baxter, the pole vaulter, C. E. Smith, and other strong men with fine records. It will be a wise move to have Malcolm W. Ford in hat team. He easily won the all-round at tie championship of America, and held tie championship of America, and held it no to the time certain jealous people in other clubs tried to kill him off with charges of professionalism. Just as likely as not, the reason the New York Athletic Club has defended his cause before the N. A. A. A. 80 warmly was not only the club's heaven-born love of justice, but their canny desire to have the best all-round min in America in their Enritish army of invasion. It was not that British army of invasion. It was not that they loved Malcolm less, but that they loved they loved malcolm less, but hat they loved championships more. Aleck Jordan won the American championship when Ford was tem-ter that the N. Y. A. C. will send both to Albion on much the same principle that the Dwyer Brothers often have two lively colts in the same event.

Jim Glynn, the Williamsburg heavyweight, Jim Glynn, the Williamsburg heavyweight, who refused to fight Fallon because the latter could not raise stake enough to make it an object for him to leave his saloon business, has declared his readiness to meet Joe Lennon, of South Boston. A sporting writer, who was on here, went back to Boston to-day to see about making the match. It ought to be a slashing fight, the mill between Lennon and Glynn. If the match is made Glynn will go down to Ruland's, at Rockaway, where Jack Dempsey and Jack McAuliffe have been training since Sunday. training since Sunday.

The Governing Committee of the New York Athletic Club will hold a meeting on Tuesday evening, Nov. 1. Action will be taken in regard to the proposed winter indoor games, as to hold them in Madison Square Garden is now impracticable, A date will also be set and announcement made of the annual boxing and wrestling championshing given by this club. ships given by this club.

Champion Weight Thrower W. J. M. Barry, the New York Athletic Club infant, who weighs only 240 pounds stripped, would be an amusing companion for a transconti-nental trip. He was one of the judges of the first annual single-scull handicap for the Os berne trophy upon the Harlem yesterday, and divided his running fire between Capt. and divided his running has between Capt.
Schuyler and The Evening World representative. Barry's accent would make him a
fortune if he didn't have one already
in prospective, He is much elated over
the victory of his football team over the
champion team at the Staten Island Athletic
Club grounds last Saturday, "We had one
little hit of fun anyway down there. Some Actually that stream went straight up in the air higher than the top of old Trinity's spire, and when the water came down it spread, of course, and there was a deluging storm for a block cach way. Several people would have been drowned, only the water quickly started by the law of gravity for its level, and the unfortunate people its level, and the unforted its level, and the point its ways didn't have one already in prospective. He is much elated over the victory of his football team over the bestier. Barry's accent would make him a fortune if he didn't have one already in prospective. He is much elated over the victory of his football team over the bettle in prospecti ing enough, but when some one told him it was Charlie Coster, the boxer, he got his gang around him and said a few cracks over the head with a stick would be good for the it was found necessary to use the utmost care in shutting the water off. It couldn't be shut off abruptly, you know, on account of the boy," added the veracious narrator with a candid smile as he looked from face to face. There was the slightest shade of besitation in Steele Mackaye's voice, as if he feared the Colonel would pass into the realms of the unreachable if permitted to go further; but he said inquiringly, "Boy! What boy?"

"Oh, I forget. That was the most remarkable event of the day and the most thrilling scene I ever witnessed. Of course there was a great crowd there, you know, and places to sit down were scarce. It was standing-room only, and not much of that. A small urching clambered on the platform while the men were nailing the blocks underneath, and the youngsters sat down on the nozzle of that

### FLOWIES FOR THE PARKS.

This Year's Geraniums Will Blossom Next Year if Treated Properly.



HIEF GARDENER George C. W. Woolson, of the Park Department, and his men are preparing the bads in the small parks for the reception of the tulip bulbs for next spring's first floral glories. Beds are premen are preparing the paring for the spring settings of pausies, portulacea and other

early blooms also. In the work the geraniums, which brightened and beautified the parks in July, August and September are removed, and when the

A more ambitious athlete than Mr. Ford never put on spiked shoes, and his long siege of sickness ought to serve as a warning to those brainy and brawny young men before next summer, and that the best way to prepare them for next seesan's work way to prepare them for next seesan's work way to prepare them for next seesan's work. ment before next summer, and that the best way to prepare them for next season's work is to give them complete rest by hanging them, roots up, in a dark place of regular temperature, neither too warm nor too cold, till spring. The cellar is the best place. In the spring set the stalks in a window box of rich earth, cutting off the withered leaf branches to the very stalk. In a short time those who follow this advice will be rewarded by many blossom.

### many blossoms. BONNETS AT THE THEATRES.

Velvet bonnets predominated at Wallack's last night, and black and very bright red

seemed the favorite colors. A lady seated on the twelfth row from the stage, somewhat to the left of the centre isle, at Wallack's, wore a dainty black velvet bonnet with a green bird's wing.

A little lady in the front row of the Fourteenth Street Theatre last night wore start-lingly pink gloves The initiated, however, as-sert that the color was "vieille rose."

A very landsome short wrap, worn by a lady in the dress circle, was of Gobelin blue plush, trinomed with iridescent beads that did not make a horrible jingle every time she moved.

Pretty little Bijou Fernandez never overdresses, as such a popular child might con-scientiously do. Last night she wore a dark red and black check cloth, made perfectly simple, and a big black hat.

The new colors were noticeable at Dockstader's. One bonnet had four shades of green and a bird, while another, more attrac-tive, stood very high, and with its numerous different tints of red somewhat resembled a midsammer sunset.

Another black velvet bonnet that was par-Another black velvet bonnet that was particularly tasty was worn by a lady who sat in
the fourteenth row from the stage at Wallack's. It was set off by a pearl-gray feather
that matched a bewitching wrap. It was the
admiration of everybody in the house.

A portly matron who sat in front, close to
the aisle, wore a handsome old gold plush
wrap, made in folds, so that the sheen of the
material could be seen. It was so much

material could be seen. It was so much looked at that the lady could not find it is her heart to remove it during the evening.

From the display of handkerchiefs made by ladies last night it might have been supposed that an epidemic of colds was raging. Not a bit of it. It is the fashion now more than ever to let the daintily-tinted handker-chiefs peep coyly from the bosom or the belt, so arranged that any monogram or embroidery can be seen.

### The Usual Way. [From the Omaha World.]

Omaha Dame-I have come on a sad mission, my dear; prepare yourself for terrible news. Oh! how my heart goes out to you? Sweet Girl-Mercy on us! Has that dress-

Sweet Girl-Mercy on us! Has that dress-maker spoiled my wedding suit?

"Worse, dear, far worse, The young man you intended to wed came to our house last night in a state of beastly intoxication, and I have just found out that he has been for years a confirmed soi."

"Horrors! Don't for the world breath a word about it. If pa should near that he wouldn't let me marry him."

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

Miss Howjames (at museum)—I have often see engravings of the giraffe, Mr. Grimshaw, but never knew before that the animal was so—so-decollete. Young man from Milwaukee—N-no. Got an all-fired long neck, too, hasn't be?

> Pretty Good Evidence [From the Burlington Free Press.]

First Citizen (breathlessly)-Can you tell me where the fire is ? Second Citizen—I think it is the school house. There were a lot of boys dancing and cheering down on the corner.

A Strong Resemblance. [From the Maitland (Fla.) Courier.]
New flannel and Anarchists are alike in

power in her voice, but it was sympathetic

a beauty in song which cannot be overesti-mated. Then the elder folks settled down

about in the younger ones wandered about in the moonlit garden.

"Honor," Bruce said, taking her hand, and drawing it through his arm, "you made me very unhappy this evening,"

"Unhappy!" she repeated, looking up at him." "why dear?"

him: "why, dear?"
"You flirted so with Foster," he said, with

unreasoning jealousy.
"Flirted!" drawing herself up; "it is not

"Forgive me," he said, penitently, "but, darling, I love you so well, I cannot help feeling envious when I see you talking to others. Honor, have you said anything to your father yet?"

night?"

And when will you speak, dear-to-

"If you wish it."
"If I wish it! Why, Honor, can you not magine how anxious I am that your father should give his sanction to our love?"

should give his sanction to our love?"
When the young people returned to the house the card party was just breaking up.
"We must congratulate ourselves that we are winners, Mr. Foster said, looking at the Earl—"the cards have favored us to-night."

He crossed the long room as he spoke. The curtains had been drawn across the win-dow which led into the garden—there were no shutters. He parted the curtains, looked out

respect. Both shrink from washing.

WALKING UP BROADWAY.

Actors and Actresses and How They Look and Behave Out of Doors. Walking up Broadway the other day in the company of a dainty little lady who for extremely partial to that thoroughfare between the hours of 11 and 2, I could

not help feeling rather surprised at the enormous interest she developed in actors and

mous interest she developed in actors and actresses, and the vast amount of information she possessed about them.

"Oh," she said scornfully, look in at a dark window and settling her refractory windtossed bangs, "most girls nowadays are mad on the subject of the stage. I could name several society girls who read the dramatic papers weekly, and can tell at a moment's notice exactly where an actor is at a given time."

She laughed and stopped to look at a photo-

She laughed and stopped to look at a photographer's window. She was soon gazing at Kyrle Bellew, elaborately done up, with a wistful, utter look in his always pensive eyes, and a ruffled shirt front that would have done credit to any Troy laundry in the city.

"I don't admire him," she said sharply, "He's too effeminate. Some girls rave about his perfection. Bah!" (Rah! is not elegant, but it is useful as a climax occasionally,) "Come up Broadway as far as Thirteenth street," she continued, "and I'll point von out my beau ideal. He's always out at this time."

out my beau ideal. He's always out at this time."

"There's John A. Mackay," she said, as we passed the Hoffman House. "No, he's not a beauty, but there's something very pleasant about him, don't you know. Girls I know would give a fortune if they had hair of the same tint as his. It's very rare, indeed—that ruddy chestnut hue. I mustn't let him see me looking at him," she went ou. "Actors are insufferably conceited. They think all girls are hopelessly impressed by their charms.

There's Ada Rehan across the street." she exclaimed, nudging me with extreme vehemence. "Doesn't she dress terribly? she exclaimed, nudging me with extreme vehemence. "Doesn't she dress terribly? I've never met that woman without seeing all the colors of the rainbow about her costume. She has the most odious taste. They say," sinking her voice to a whisper, 'that it is only Daly's exquisite ideas on dress that save has freghtning her audiences.

only Daly's exquisite ideas on dress that save her from frightening her audiences.

"Ah," as we passed the St. James; "I knew we should see him soon. Who? Herbert Kelcey, of course, formerly of the Madison Square Theatre, and my beau ideal. I think him grand—tall, shapely, quietly but ele-gantly dressed, and so unconscious of any of his merits. Guess who nearly always accompanies him in his walks. You'll never guess, so I may as well tell you: Miss Caroline Hill his wife."
I was astonished. She intended I should

"Yes," she resumed, "strange as it is that n actor should walk out with his own wife when there are so many other prople's wives knocking about, it is nevertheless quite true, I assure you. Those two are always out. Kelcee never glances at any of us. Fve triel awfully hard to make him look at me—don't

awfully hard to make him look at me—don't let this go any further—but I have failed. I don't believe he'd notice me if even I whistled. Lucky Miss Caroline Hill!

"Yes, that's Dixey" she said presently as we passed the Bijou, "how any one can admire him, I don't know. He fatigues me. He's always talking with that same group of unshaven men outside the theatre—that is when he's in town, or anywhere near town. Hasn't be a yearst expression in bis core. Hasn't he a vacant expression in his eyes? If you see him a month hence, don't forget to notice his fur-trimmed overcoat. He always

wears one.

"Look at that dear little Mrs. Agnes Booth getting out of that Broadway car. I think she is perfection. They say she is one of the few women on the stage who have a good word to say for their sister actresses. You know they are a fearfully jealous lot. You remember the matinee Sarah Bernhardt gave to the profession the last time she was here?

When it was over, a group of actors and to the profession the last time she was here? When it was over, a group of actors and actresses stood picking the performance to pieces when Mrs. Booth came up. "What did you think of it?' they asked her.' 'Oh,' she said, 'I don't believe I'll ever go on the stage again. After seeing that woman, I'm convinced that we none of us know what acting means.' You should have seen their faces. No: I didn't see them, but—well, never you mind.

"Ah," she said, a few minutes later—we had turned back and were opposite Delmon-ico's, "There's Kyrle Bellew sitting in that had turned back and were opposite Delmonico's. "There's Kyrle Bellew sitting in that window, partaking of a frugal repast, where passers-by can see him. He makes me smile. That man sees every glance sent in his direction, though he pretends he don't. Don't talk to me of Kyrle Bellew. I can't endure him positively I can't. He doesn't begin to compare with Herbert Kelcey."

"Poor Lillian Russell!" continued my voluble friend as we passed that portly lady at

"Poor Lillian Russell!" continued my vol-uble friend as we passed that portly lady at-tired as surely Solomon—or rather one of Solomon's wive? in all herglory, could never have been attire... "She's very overdressed, ain't she? Look at her hair! Have you ever known such a poisonous yellow tint to be natural? I never did. I feel sorry for Lillian. She had at one time such brilliant prospects, and nobody marred them but herself. She lives in first-class style in a sixty-dollar-a-month flat, with her baby, a capital cook and a turse. I don't envy her"—this with a

beautiful sigh.
"There's John Drew-oh, yes, you must "There's John Drew—oh, yes, you must see him. Look for a nose and you can't mistake him. I admire John Drew's nose. It shows character, and I do like that in a man's face, don't you? John Drew is always in a hurry and always walking away from Daly's Theatre, Yes, you're right; that's old Mrs. Gilbert walking beside him. She's a dear old soul, really splendid on the stage. They say she's pious and nice and a regular attendant at the Madison Avenue Congregational Church.

"And now," stopping in front of a mil-

gational Church.

"And now," stopping in front of a milliner's store, "I must go. I've got purchases to make. I like your impertinence! As though I should tell you what they are! No, don't attempt to wait for me. I shall be don't attempt to wait for me. ALAN DALE.

vere so happy here. Are you not feeling

ICE IS NO HINDRANCE.

New York Cancelsts Who Sail Their Little Ships All Winter.



HE New York Canoe Club has practically gone into winter quarters. Going into winter quarters does not mean very much for this club, as the members persist in cruising in New York bay and its tributaries all the year round, no matter what the weather. The presence of floes of ice in the water makes but little difference to these canocists, for if they cannot force a passage through the

ice they go off to one side. During past winters the cruisers fitted up what they called Marmalade Lodge, at West what they called Marmalade Lodge, at West
Brighton, S. I., and spent Saturday nights
and Sundays there, spinning sea yarns and
cruising about in their canoes. They did
their own cooking and slept in blankets on
the floor. It is expected that a room at the
club-house at Tompkinsville will be fitted up
for the use of the winter cruisers this year.
In these cold weather trips C. Bowyer
Vaux, winner of innumerable trophies at the
annual meets of the American Canoe Associa-

Vaux, winner of innumerable trophies at the annual meets of the American Canoe Association, is a leading spirit. He is always ready for anything from a friendly race to a long cruise at midnight. E. C. Delavan, jr., tells a story capitally, and sails a canoe better. Charles J. Stevens, Secretary of the club, deserts the winter cruisers once in a while to tramp over the Staten Island hills on snow-shoes. W. P. Stephens, who has designed many fast canoes, comes in strong as an amateur cook for the winter cruisers. His services are always very much in demand. Col. Charles Ledyard Norton, an authority on the literature of canoeing, helps to keep things moving when he has time to visit the winter quarters. Poultney Bigelow quite often goes down the bay for a voyage among the ice-floes in his fast cruising canoe. R. B. Burchard knows how to make things lively around the comp. fre when he puts his mind to it. Commodore C. K. Munroe used to be a jolly winter cruiser, but now he spends the cold weather months in Florida writing interesting books for boys.

The English champions did not come over to America this year to capture the international challenge cups. The lamentable failure of last year made them cautious. L. W. Seavy, who clings to the ancient Indian birch bark canoe with a heroism worthy a better but less picturesque cause, thinks that the Englishmen are learning to handle their canoes in the American style, so that when they get perfect in it they can come over that the species is strengthened by the fact that annual meets of the American Canoe Associa

and win a boat load of silverware. of the case is strengthened by the fact that the Englishmen have built no end of canoes on the American model this year. It is proper to say, however, that all owners of birch-bark canoes are prejudiced.

### NOTES OF THE CLUBS.

The Beefsteak Club is organized for the

The Union League has no millionaire posted for a few cents. The Mohicans expect Dixey to preside at the next "High Jinks."

The Lotos is preparing for its first "Satur-day night" this week. The Century is again agitated over a pro-The New York Athletic Club has only

twelve professional members.

The Whist Club is again in full winter trim, with ex-Collector Bailey as Grand Mogul.

There are rumors of a factional row in th Manhattan growing out of campaign complications.

Prime rib rosat, 18c, to 20c. Lobsters, 10c.
Porterhouse steak, 22c. to
26c.
Strion steak, 18c. to 20c.
Les mutton, 12c. to 16c.
Lamb chops, 25c.
English mutton chop, 25c.
English mutton chop, 25c.
English mutton chop, 25c.
Kingfish, 25c.
Lamb bindy trers, 16 to 18c.
Veal cutlets, 28c.
Veal cutlets, 28c.
Sweetbreads, \$3 to \$6 per dozen.
Calves heads, 50c.
Little-neek claras, \$2.50 a dog.

Sweathreads, 53 to 56 per Smelts, 18c. care, 50c, a dozen.
Calves' heads, 50c. 18 Soft-shell crabs, 32.00 ad Soft-shell crabs, 32.00 ad Spring chicken, 51 pair.
Roast chicken, 51 pair.
Roast chicken, 52c. b. 18c. to Terrapin; 50c to \$15 a d Frogs legs, 50c. b.
Dry-picked turkeys, 18c. to Terrapin stow, 34 quart. 20c., Choice dry-picked spring, Sanlops, 30c., quari. Scalleys, 32c., quari. Scalleys, 32c., quari. Scalleys, 32c., quari. Scalleys, 32c., haft peck. Green corn, 25c., dor. Squashes, 10c. to 15c. Pumpkins, 20c., quar Gronses, \$1,25 pair.

Pumpkins, 20c.
Mushrooms, 25c. quart.
Omome, 20c. half-peck.
Cauliflowers, 15c. to 25c.
Lettince, 5c. head.
Granberros: 15c. quart.
Horseradish, 10c. root.
Spanish ontons, 4 for 25c.
Spanish ontons, 4 for 25c.
Spanish ontons, 4 for 25c.
Lons beans, 20c. hal
peck.
Lons beans, 20c. quart.
Egg plants, 10c.

we dose a day of RIMER'S CALISAYA AND IRON TONING the disease of Malaria the story of Malaria terywhere.

A recent examination of Shakespeare's tembatane will a powerful magnifying glass has enabled Prof. Donnelly to find letters beretof-re undiscovered, which indistinct is appear to be S. O. E. They may relate to important discoveries as to the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, but whether or no, they certainly do represent the initials of SCOTCH OATS EASENCE, which is the greatest Nerve and Brain Fived and curative for Neuralgia, Nervous Exhaustion and Hysteria known. Cipher on a Tombstone.

SOJOURNERS IN THE CITY.

Judge Shipman, of Hartford, is booked at the Murray Hill.

The Duke of Alba and Count Villagongolo are at the Brunswick. Col. C. R. Dilworth, of Pittsburg, is stopping at the St. James.

Charles S. Hill, of Washington, occupies rooms at the Park Avenue Hotel.

The arrivals at the Everett to-day include Sir Ambrose Shea and Lady Shea, of Box

Henry T. Rogers, the well-known rallroad lawyer, of Denver, is registered at the St

Among the guests at the Murray Hill Hotel are Gen. R. H. Mason, of Saville, Fla., and J. L. Perry, of the United States Hotel, as Saratoga. The Albemarle register shows the name of Oliver W. Minx, Comptroller of the Union Pacific Railroad, and that of Gen. J. C. Pal-

frey, of Boston. Among the prominent arrivals at the Bruns-wick are Duncan Melatyre and family, of Montreal, and H. D. Burnham, well-known in society, of Stonington.

Give Credit Where It's Due

Prom Pack.] Boston furnished the boat; but it must not be overlooked that New York furnished the wind and water.

AMUSEMENTS.

# THIS EVENING CHARLES DICKENS

FROM HIS FATHER'S WORKS AT CHICKERING HALL, TUESDAY, OUT. 25, AT 8 P. M.

Tickets, with Reserved Sents, Now on sale at Chickering Hall,

COPEN MUSEE, 23D ST., BET, 5TH 4 STH AVES, OPEN FROM 11 TO 11. SUNDAY, 1 to 11. New Groups, New Pictures, New Attractions OPEN SECURE (Two Pictures), Concerts daily from 3 to 5 and 8 to 11, by AND PRINCE PAUL ENTERHALY'S ORCHEPSTRAL Admission to all, 50c.; children 25c. Admission to all, 50c.; children 25c.

SPECIAL NOTICE, from the 17 to Nov. 2 to
GREAT FLOWER SHOW will be held by A. Lis
MOULT at the EDEN MUSEE. There will be no advance in the usual prices of admission.

DOCKSTADER'S. THE COARSE HAIR:

Or, THE NORTHERLAND SISTERS, Or, FUN ON THE OLD HOMESTRAD, " Last met 'FALL OF NEW BARYLON," mans, 8,30. SSTORY MAINTEE, UNION SQUARE THEATRE, J. M. HILL, Managera FIFTH WEEK, SUCCESS BEYOND PARALLEL.

## HOBSON & CRANE, THE HENRIETTA

Evenings at 8.16; Sat. Matinee at 2. Carriagns at 10.48; 14 TH STREET THE ATRE. Oer. 6th area Matinees Wednesdey and Saturday.

KNIGHT

RUDOLPH.

in Howard's and Belasco's brilliant new play, ary, 25c. Reserved, libe., 50c., 75c., \$1 and \$1.50, GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. a circle and balcony, 500.1

MAP. THATCHER, PRIMROSE & WEST SAN NEXT WEEK A BUNCH OF KEYS, Next Sunday, Prof. Cromwell's New Lecture, IRELAND AS SEEN BY AMERICAN EYES.

POOLE'S THEATRE,

5th st. between 4th ave, and Broadway.

Prices—10c, 20c.

T. S. ARTHUR'S

MORAL DRAMA.

MALINE—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Nat week—Wallack's Theatre, IN HIS POWICE.

5TH AVE. THEATRE. Matines Saturday.

3TH. LAST FIVE NIGHTS. Matines Saturday.

accompanied by MAURICE BARRYMORE and her own company, to her grand production,
AS IN A LOOKING GLASS,
\*. Next week—Mrs. Patter Seets now on sale,

A CADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th st. and Irving places Elaborate production of the latest London Melodrama,

A DA R. SECRET.

Heserved seats, 50c., 75c., \$1. Family circle, 25c.

YCRUM THEATRE,
Lesst week, Lest matinee, Saturday,
THE GREAT PINK PEARL.

Herring at \$1.5,
Wednesday Matinee, THE HIGHEST HIDDER.

Tursday, Nov. 1, THE WIFE.

STAR THEATRE. Broadway and light at Evenings at S. Saturday Matiness at 2. JOSEPH JEFFERSON As BOB ACRES in THE RIVAIS. Supported by an excellent company.

STARTHEATRE, Monday, Nov. 7 og. Mr. HENRY HEVING, MSS ELLEN TERRY and the LYCEUM COMPANY in FAUST."

WALLACK'S
CASTE, Characters by Messers, Osmona Tearle, R.
CASTE, D. Ward, Chas. Gorces, T. W. Robertson,
Abbey, Evenings at 8, 13, Methies Saturday, 2, 15,
BIJOU OPERA HOUSE—SECOND WEEK,
Eyenings at 8, Mats. Wed, and Sat. at 2,
RICE'S BURLLE-QUE COMPANY
In a Grand Production of the Spectacular Burtinsque,
CORSAIR. COK-AIR.

BUNNELL'S 728-30 BROADWAY. Admission, 25c, Children, 10c. LONDON Sacred Hairy Family. Continuous Deg Circus. Wondors. Entertainment. The Greatest Show. Noontill 11 P.M. A DELPHI HALL, 52d st., near Broadway-Spiritua Phen-mena, musical and test seames, this evening, S. M. Seek and ye shall find.

THALIA TO-NIGHT JUNKERMANN BY RE-QUEST INSPECTOR BRAFSIG. WEDNESDAY-BOKTEL, MARTHA, looked at the time. It was five minutes slow

"Third, sir."

"What class did they travel?"
"Third, sir."
"The man was not a gentleman then?"
"Don't think so, sir, the woman wasn't. I mean." grinning broadly, "she was not a lady." "Thank you, good-night,"
"Good-night, sir."
"I shall be in plenty of time," Mr. Foster said, walking slowly away, "I can easily watch to see if he comes up by the first train to-morrow; it was a silly idea to think he might have gone to-night."

He walked over to the Railway Inn, knocked them up and asked for a bed there. The next morning he caught the first up train, and arrived in town about 11.30, jumped into a cab and drove off to the bank where the Earl banked. He a ked to see the head cashier.

where the Fari banked. He alreed to see the head cashier.

"I have come about a disagreeable bushness," he said, when that personage appeared. "You will probably to-day or during the week receive a letter of advice from the Earl of Dolan to pay, on presentation of a check, a certain amount of money. I have come to warn you that both are forguiss, and to request you to detain the presenter of the check."

[Continued in Weilnesday's Evening Works.]

[Continued in Wednesday's Evening Wonter.]

# HIS SECRET.



OU startled me," she answered, "I though

"And you hopedwhat did you hope, Mary ?" "I hardly know." she answered. I was content-fully content -in knowing, in feeling perfectly sure that you loved me, I was

not anxious for you to say so, because that will disturb things: you will have to tell my father." "And you think," growing pale, and holding the little hands more firmly, as though nothing should make him give them up, "that he will be displeased-that he will

think his little daughter too great a blessing for me-that he will say (which is true enough) that I am your equal in no respect." ' He will not say that," she said gently, " he has so great a liking—so great a respect for your uncle, that he will be glad-more than glad for me to wed his nephew; but,

have the will, as well as the power to work, before he will promise some day to give me before he will promise into your keeping."
"I will work." he replied, colouring elightly, for he knew that he had in no way chown that the ability to work was in him; "i shall have an incentive to work now, Mary—something to work for. I will show you, my dear, that it has not been want of ability which has made me such a failure,

Arthur, he may insist upon seeing that you

but carelessness, though to be sure that is no

"I will make it one," she said, smiling so "I will make it one," she said, smiling so sweetly up at him that he would have been curiously constituted, indeed, had he not stooped and kissed her lips; "you have been pampered and petted, dear—peared in the lap of luxury, with a Fortunatus purse in the person of your uncle. I think, dear, it is a wonder you are not more spoilt than you are. Shall we go to the others now—they will be wondering at our long absence?"

Shail we go to the others how—they will be wondering at our long absence?"

So, slowly, with lagging, unwilling footsteps, they retraced their steps to the house, using often under pretence of examining me flower, to make the sweet time spent together longer; but the longest journey must at length come to an end, and they entered the drawing room at last. Mr. Foster was talking, telling some story of which they only heard the end, and the laugh which fol-

only heard the end, and the laugh which followed it.

"Mr. Foster can tell a story so well," the Farl said, looking at Honor, "no doubt he can write also. You should get get him to write something in your album."

"Could you—would you? Honor said, looking up, "with the exception of the Earl's, I have had no contributions lately. Have you ever written anything in an album, Mr. Foster?"

"In an album! no," he answered, while Max looked ap at him quickly. "I was under the impression that albums were those melancholy books which people are so fond of thrusting into our hands, which are full of the photographs of their own relations. I am mistaken, it segms."

the photographs of their own relations. I am mistaken, it seems."

"Not at all," the Earl answered, "there are two kinds of albuns, the photographic and the literary: you will find Miss Selwyn's really interesting, if only"—he laughed—"because it contains my autograph."

The detective gave a little start, so light as perhaps to be unseen by anyone.

"I should greatly like to see it," he said.
"I will fetch it." Max answered. "Don't trouble, Honor."

He left the room quickly, returning in a moment.

"I cannot find it, Honor," he said.
"Not, papa?" she answered. "Why, it's in its place, I know. I will get it in one moment."

However, she came back without it.
"It's gone," she said, "and I saw it there

not more than an hour ago. Have you moved it, Aunt Kate?"
The tired copyist was leaning wearily back in her chair, a little distance from the rest, her pale, dark face haggard from want of rest; her great curious eyes like two brilliant lamps in which shone the light of a great intellect. Lost in thought, she almost started at the sound of her own name, but answered

readily:
"No, dear I never touch that most valuable book; it must be somewhere about."
"Please do not trouble, Miss Selwyn," Mr.
Foster said, "I can see it some other day, cannot I But you ought to be able to see it now," said: "it is tiresome that it should have

sne said: "It is tresome that it should have disappeared."
"Perhaps, when you find it you will let me know," he said. "Have you the names and productions of many celebrated people in it?" "Yes," she answered, "there is Baron Stockforth, he has written—Did you call me, papa?"
She looked up, her father had spoken her

Yes, dear," he returned, "I wanted to "Yes, dear," he returned ask you for a little music."
"Yes, papa." She turned to Mr. Foster.
"I shall find that book when I have time for a good hunt," she said. "I am sorry I could not let you see it now." not let you see it now."

"I do not regret it," he said, politely,
"the pleasure is yet in store for me; and now
I am going to have the good fortune to hear

I am going to have the good fortune to hear you play and sing."
"Perhaps you will not think it good fortune when you have heaard me," she laughed. She moved towards the piano, Bruce following; he had been looking a trifle black, as lovers are apt to, while Honor chatted to Mr. Foster; his face was clouded still, but she did not notice it. She chose a pretty song with a pretty refrain, and as she sang it the shadow cleared away from her lover's face.

Obstantial the world dear heart, so round.

O let the world, dear heart, go round, And change from day to day, Het love that once our life hath crowned, That cannot pass away. She sang more than well; her voice had matured and been trained in sunny Italy; no expense had been spared to perfect what nature had bountifully bestowed.

Then Mary sang, softly, sweetly, like a little dove cooing to her mate; there was no

at the moonlight scene: then making sure that no one was looking, pushed back the latch and removed the screw. "A lovely night." he said, coming back to the others; "we shall have a glorious drive the others; home."
The 'good-byes were said; the Earl, the Countess, Mary and Bruce went inside the carriage, Mr. Foster preferring the outside. However, before they had gone much beyond the drive of the Hollies, he stepped down, telling the coachman he should walk.

Max and Honor sat together in the great trawing town in an easy chair she perched

upon the arm.
"Honor," he said, a little wearily, "I have "Honor," he said, a little wearily, "I have the old restless feeling—the wish to travel again coming upon me."
She looked surprised. 'So soon, papa," she said; "I thought we

drawing-room, he in an easy chair, she perched

well, dear?"
"No," he answered, "I am worried. I have a trouble on me now that I cannot share er soft cheek to his.

her soft check to his.
"Not even with me, papa?"
"My darling, no, least of all with you."
The wind sighed round the house and the window creaked.
"But the trouble will pass, dear." "I hope so, little one—I trust so. There as something I wished to say to you—ah, es! do not get too friendly with that Mr.

Foster. I mistrust him. And, child, when you find your album, do not give it him to write in, and do not tell him the names of those who are already there—be polite, but distant to him. And now, good-night, my "'Are you not going to bed?"
"Not yet, love."
She kissed her father, half crossed the

room, then came back again.
"I have something to tell you," she said, standing behind him with her hands upon his shoulders: "it will please you to know, I think, Lord Bruce loves me; he has asked me

think, Lord Bruce loves me; he has asked me to be his wife."
A look almost of fear crossed Max's face; she did not see it. He put up his hands and drew hers round his neck.
"And you, darling?" he said.
"I am glad he loves me." she answered.
"Will you not say that you are glad also? I promised Bruce I would tell you to night; he will speak with you to morrow."
"Do his people know?"
"Yes—they are pleased, darling." She came round and kneit at his side. "Say you are pleased."

He took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Pleased that some one will rob me of the light of my life, and leave me in darkness?" he asked. "Ah! well, love, I must be pleased for your sake. Good-night, dear."

"Say, 'God bless you,' father."
He hesitated a moment and grew pale,
"God bless and keep you," he said, huskily, "Go now, love, I have something to do." He took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Writing, dear?"

"Yes, dear-writing."
She left the room slowly. He listened to her footsteps as they went softly up the old

staircase, then went swiftly into his study, and returned with Honor's album. He turned down the gas, lighted a lamp—the whole room was in shadow.

He opened the album, looked slowly through it, read the ridiculous verse the Earl had written in it, then took a pen in

The curtains at the far end.

"There stations "" but it we wave does that was wered, more civilly: "but it we mow. There's another train at eight in the mow. There's another train at ei hand and wrote slowly.

The curtains at the far end of the room parted noiselessly. Mr. Foster stood watching paper after paper Max wrote and de-

Half an hour later Mr. Foster stepped into

Half an hour later Mr. Foster stepped into the drawing-room, struck a match and lighted a candle, stepped to the cabinet, opened it and took out Honor's album.

Next he put his hand in his pocket and drew out a leather case. From this he took a paper with a number of names written upon it; then he slowly turned the pages of the album, placing a cross against different names on the paper until all were so marked; the last name on the paper and the last in the album was that of the Earl.

Mr. Foster got up from the table, stretched himself and smilled.

"I think I have put salt upon the bird's

himself and smiled.
"I think I have put salt upon the bird's tail now," he said. "But upon my word it was an ingenious way."
He put the album back in its place, blew out the candle and left, as he had come in, by the window,
"Now for London," he said. He looked
at his watch, "By Jove," he said, "I shall
but just do it."

He began to run, and reached the little tation out of breath.
"The up train is due, is it not?" he asked "Just gone, sir," the man answered.
"Gone!" He pulled out his watch and

by the station clock.
"I must telegraph," he said. "There ain't no telegraph here, sir," the man answered, "and if there were it wouldn't be open at this time of night." Mr. Foster slipped something into the

"Well, sir, because he was impatient like with her, told her to hurry up in." "What class did they travel?"